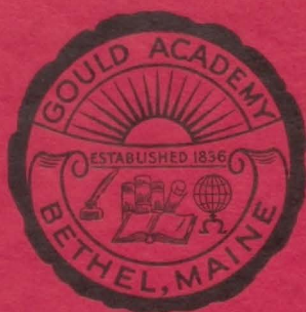


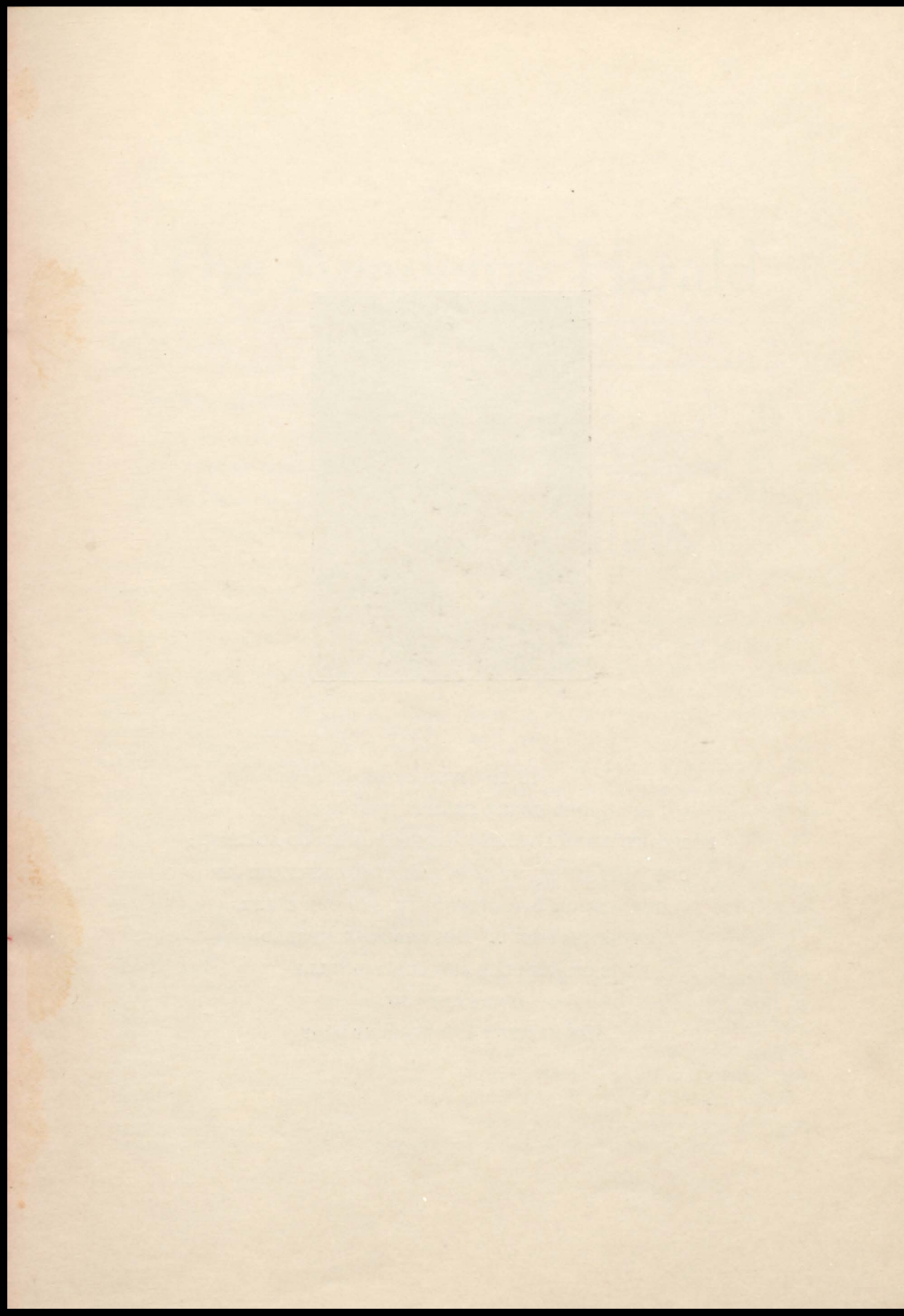
The Academy Herald

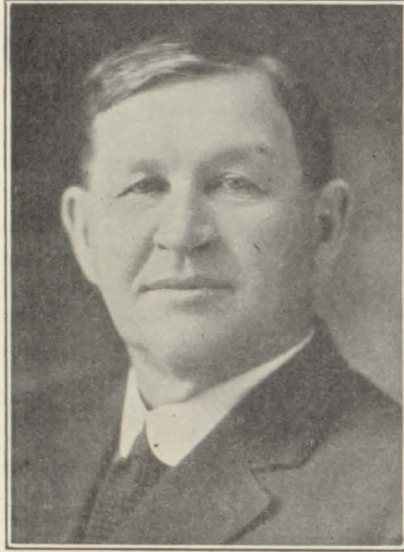


Thanksgiving Number
1934



The Bethel Inn
Bethel, Maine





TO THE MEMORY OF
HON. HENRY HARMON HASTINGS
FOR MANY YEARS A VALUED TRUSTEE OF GOULD ACADEMY;
ONE WHO EVER STROVE FOR THE WELFARE OF
OUR SCHOOL, OUR COMMUNITY, AND OUR STATE,
THIS EDITION OF THE ACADEMY HERALD
IS GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY
THE FACULTY AND STUDENT BODY

The Academy Herald

VOL. XXXIX

BETHEL, MAINE, NOVEMBER, 1934

NO. 1

THE ACADEMY HERALD

devoted to the interests of

GOULD ACADEMY

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As this issue of the Herald goes to press we are well started on another year at Gould. To some of us it will be our last year. Let us, therefore, make it the best year that Gould has ever had.

Many of us start out with good intentions, but sometimes we prove to be like the small girl who was drawing a picture with pen and ink on a piece of paper. It turned out to be a cat without a tail. On being asked by her mother where the tail was, she looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied. "Why it is in the ink bottle yet." Many of our good intentions are like that, in other words they are still in the mind. They are not definitely carried out. We may mean to do certain definite things but often we keep putting them off until tomorrow, and before we are hardly aware of it another year has slipped away.

Let us make an earnest effort to carry out our good intentions here and now.

"Yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day!"

Margaret J. Hamlin '35

WHAT COLOR ARE YOUR THOUGHTS?

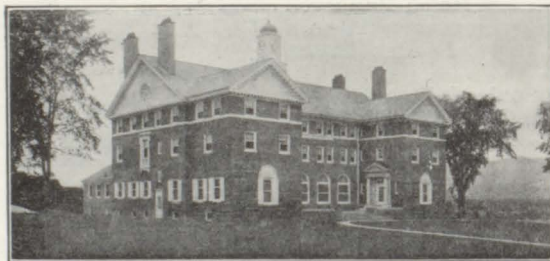
What color are YOUR thoughts? Or don't you like to pretend? From a scientific viewpoint, I suppose thoughts actually have no weight, substance, size, shape, or color, but don't we often refer to them as being "big thoughts," "little thoughts," "deep thoughts," "black thoughts," "rosy thoughts"?

Thoughts of truth, honesty, and fidelity are blue thoughts. Those of love, joy, and happiness are rose-colored. Thoughts of purity are white; sunshiny, hopeful thoughts are yellow. There are green thoughts of envy and jealousy, grey thoughts of sadness and worry, and black thoughts of rage and despair. We cannot always avoid mixing the black and grey with the rose and blue, which is as it should be. We would soon tire of only the rose and the blue. Perhaps reflective, studious thoughts are brown, and it is easy to believe that embarrassment causes flushed, pink thoughts.

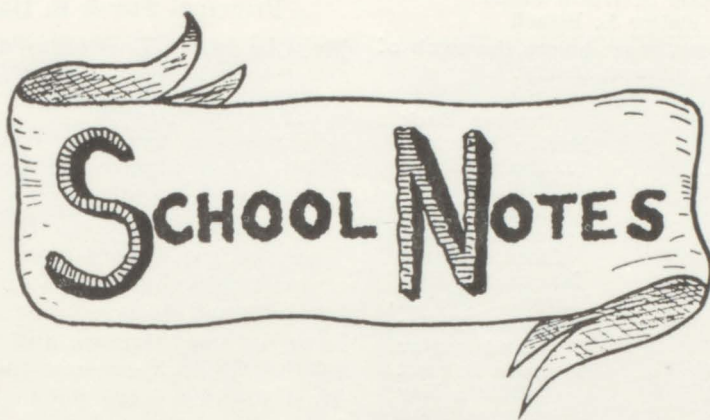
These colors may portray a totally different group of thoughts to each of us, depending perhaps upon personal experiences.

Which do we, as individuals, choose for our prevailing thought-color?

Beatrice Merrill '35



MARIAN TRUE GEHRING STUDENTS' HOME



COMMENCEMENT

The 98th Commencement exercises of Gould Academy were held in the William Bingham Gymnasium on Thursday morning, June 7th, at 10 o'clock. Music was furnished by the Academy Orchestra assisted by the Mainente School of Music under the direction of Mr. Anton Eugene Mainente, Director of Instrumental Music at the Academy. Richard E. Marshall of Bethel delivered the salutatory address, Stanley Allen of Bethel transferred the Twentieth Century Club banner to the Junior Class and made the presentation of the class gift, a beautiful bust of the poet Longfellow, to the school. Ellery C. Park, treasurer of the Board of Trustees, responded with an address of acceptance of the gift.

The graduates presented the world peace pageant "When Marble Speaks," directed by Miss Ruth A. Leavengood of the department of Dramatics. This presentation was especially well done and reflected much credit, both on the director and those taking part. Mary A. Tibbetts delivered the valedictory address, following which Principal

Frank E. Hanscom conferred thirty-four diplomas to the graduating class, and awarded the following prizes: Elections to the National Honor Society: Mary Ann Tibbetts, Stanley Allen and Richard E. Marshall of Bethel, and Shirley M. Cole of Gilead. The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute gold medal, awarded to the boy having the highest rank in mathematics, was given to Stanley Allen. The Scholarship Cup was won by the Class of 1934. The name inscribed on the silver shield for highest four years' rank was that of Mary Tibbetts. The program follows:

March	"War March"	Mendelssohn
	Orchestra	
	Invocation	
Entr'acte	"Sarabande"	Bohm
	Orchestra	

Salutatory, Richard Earl Marshall
 Transferring of the Twentieth Century Club Banner and Presentation of Class Gift, Stanley Willis Allen
 Acceptance of Gift, Mr. E. C. Park, Trustee
 (a) Violin Solo "Sonata in D" (first movement) Corelli
 (Accompanied by Miss Esther Marie Gagnon)
 Mr. Everett Chenard
 (b) Waltzes
 "Remembrances of Waldteufel" Sereby Orchestra

"WHEN MARBLE SPEAKS"

A Dream of World Peace
by Walter L. Bissell

Scene: An embankment before the tomb of
an unknown soldier.

*A Guard	Herbert Morton
A Mother	Pauline Buck
Harry	Harlan Hutchins
War	Eldredge Berry
Peace	Shirley Cole
World Trade	Richard Davis
Tribute	Naomi Heald
Territory	Charles Dwyer
Education,	Marguerite Hall
Science	Margaret French
Arbitration	Lillian Fuller
Propaganda	Alfred Taylor
Spanish Girl	Barbara Bennett
English Girl	Ruth Hay
Russian Girl	Ernestine Bean
Dutch Girl	Elva Linnell
Swiss Girl	Marguerite Brooks
Glory of Battle	Margaret Fraser
Spirit of Unknown Soldier	Stanley Allen

Chorus

Pianist Jane Linston 1935

*Characters in order of first appearance:

(a) Piano Solo

"Hungarian Rhapsody No. VI" Liszt

Miss Esther Marie Gagnon

Winner of the 1931 Maine Federation of
Music Clubs Artists Contest

(b) Entr'acte Minuet Lack
Orchestra

Valedictory Address, Mary Ann Tibbetts

Awarding of Prizes and Conferring of
Diplomas, Prin. Frank E. Hanscom

Singing of Class Ode

Benediction

DEDICATORY EXERCISES

Following the Commencement dinner, the Dedication of the New Academy Building was held in William Bingham Gymnasium. State Commissioner of Education, Bertram Packard, delivered an address. By request of the donor, Mr. William Bingham, the Presentation Address was made by Principal Frank E. Hanscom. Principal Hanscom's speech together with the Address of Acceptance by Hon. H. H. Hastings is printed herein.

PRESENTATION ADDRESS

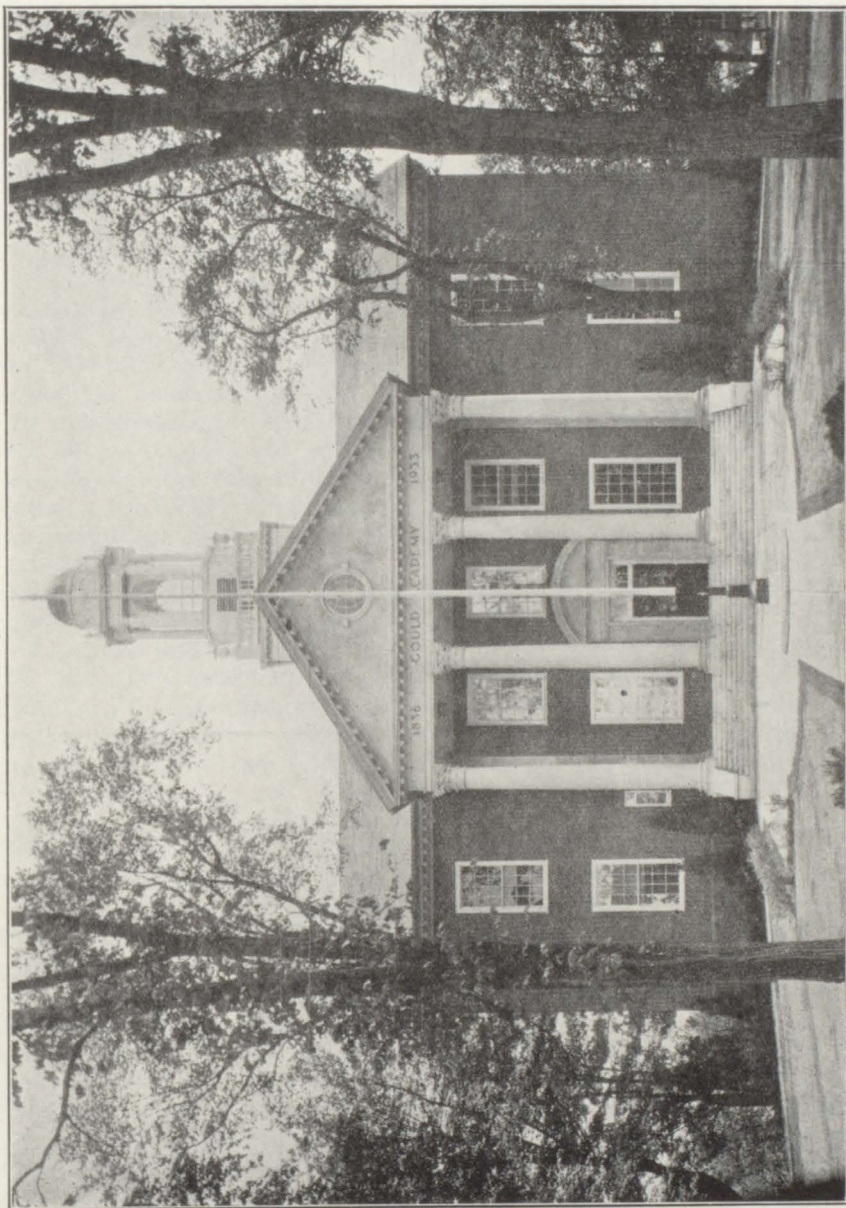
Principal Frank E. Hanscom

Mr. Chairman, Trustees of Gould Academy, Distinguished Guests and Friends All:

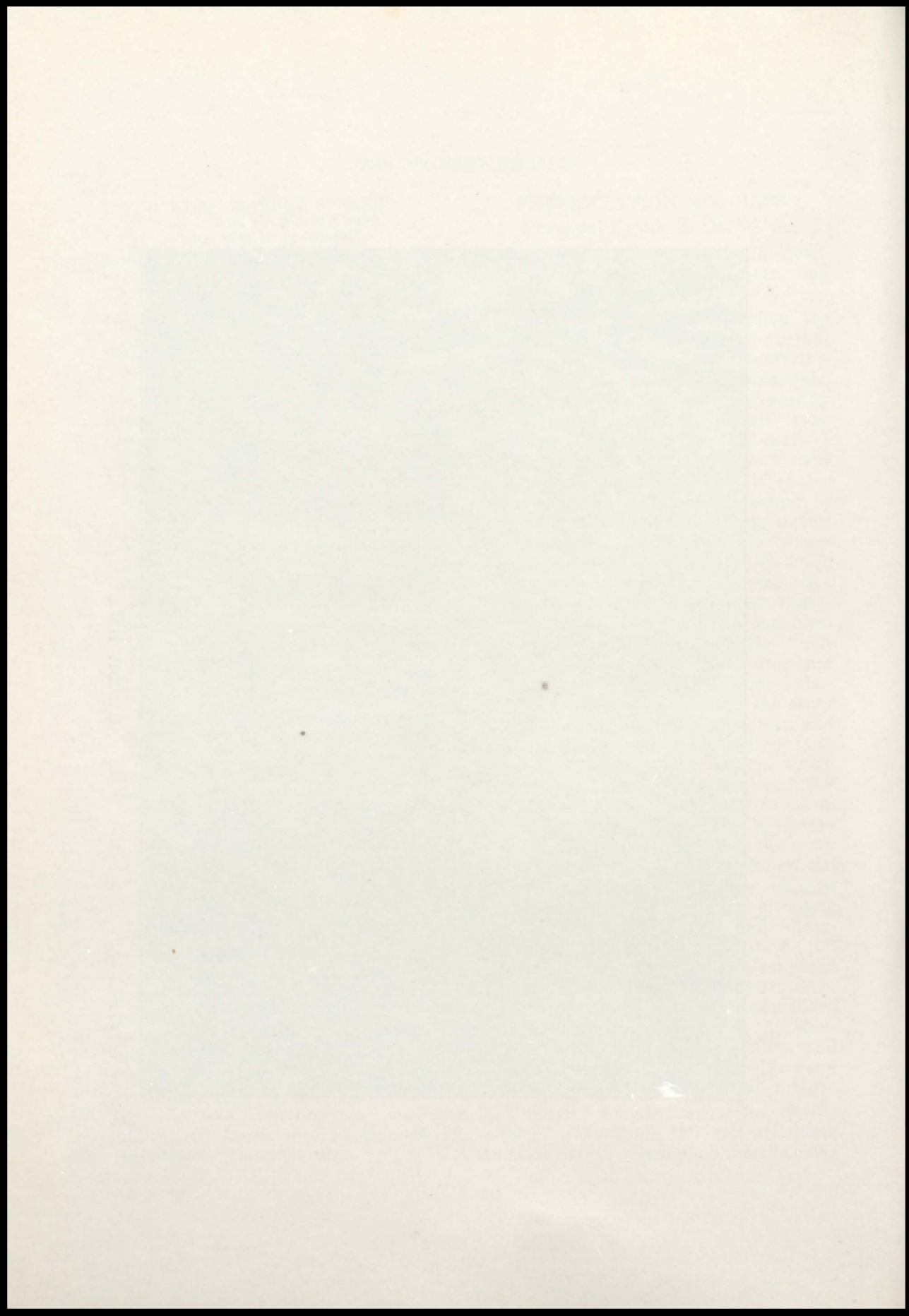
There are times in life, when the heart is so filled with emotions that adequate expression becomes extremely difficult, if not wholly impossible. Many of you, I am sure, can readily understand that I find myself thus handicapped today. For 37 years I have dreamed dreams and seen visions of the Gould Academy that is to be. Most dreamers are doomed, sooner or later to a rude awakening. Only to few is granted the unspeakable joy of seeing their cherished visions realized and having their fondest dreams come true.

The charge is sometimes made that it is characteristic of the American people to be boastful,—to consider their own possessions bigger, or better and more desirable than can be found elsewhere. You may have heard the story of the Frenchman, the Englishman and the American, who were seated in a London Club, arguing as to which country had the fastest trains. The Frenchman stated that the trains in France go so fast that the telegraph poles seem as near together as the teeth of a fine comb. The Englishman declared that in England the express trains move so rapidly that alternate fields of turnips, carrots and sheep-pastures look like a lamb stew. Of course the American got the last word and he said in a very deliberate manner, "Gentlemen, you may not believe it, but I once stepped aboard the Manhattan Limited in New York City, and when I turned to kiss my wife good bye, I kissed a woman in Philadelphia."

I trust I may be acquitted of the charge of boasting, if I call attention, in the briefest possible manner, to some



ACADEMY HALL



of the changes and innovations that have taken place at Gould Academy during the last third of a century. Only by comparing the old Academy with the new can those of you who come back to us after years of absence be made to understand the remarkable progress that has been made, and get a general conception of the undercurrents that are now directing the course of our academy life.

When we speak of one third of a century of progress, my mind goes back instinctively to the first great reunion in 1900, when nearly one thousand Gould alumni, including wives and husbands, sat down to that great dinner. It was then and there that forces were set in motion that have resulted in much that has come to Gould Academy during the intervening years. It was then and there that pledges of financial assistance were received, making it possible to add another member to the faculty, increasing the number of that body to three and one half, as, previous to that time, the faculty was composed of two full time teachers and a pupil teacher, who devoted one half his time to teaching and one half to study and recitation.

When the old Academy was being razed a few weeks ago, the slate blackboards in the Assembly Room were removed, revealing the old plaster blackboards that were originally in use. On one of these boards was found the teachers' programme of classes for the spring term of 1898. This showed that your Principal was then teaching daily four classes in Latin, Higher Algebra, Plane Geometry, Grecian History and Higher English, with penmanship and spelling on alternate days. The other full time teacher had an equally extensive and varied programme, while the pupil teacher, a graduate of Farmington Normal

School, taught four classes and recited daily in Latin and Greek.

At that time we had but one building, with three class rooms, including the study hall, and the campus consisted of the small plot of land on which the Academy stood. As we go out on the campus today, and compare the old Academy with the new, with its seven fine buildings and spacious grounds, only the eternal hills, like the mountains round about Jerusalem, remain unchanged, and I sometimes think that even they have taken on new beauties, as they are kissed by the rising sun of each new day.

Our boarding pupils, who, twenty-five years ago, were scattered in homes throughout the village, are now housed in comfortable, dignified student homes, with many of the appurtenances of real home life, and with the usual dormitory atmosphere largely eliminated. We now have a splendid gymnasium, where physical training for every pupil, with courses in Physiology and personal hygiene, are training our young people toward the old Roman ideal of a sound body, as the fitting abiding place for a sound mind.

We have an athletic field so accessible as to place a premium upon outdoor sports, instead of a penalty as in former times. We have a Domestic Arts Course, housed in a perfectly equipped home, where our girls learn by actual experience the art of real home-making, which was fast becoming a lost art under the old regime. We have a splendidly equipped Manual Training Shop, where eye and hand are taught to co-ordinate with the brain in useful and efficient work. We have chemical, physical, and biological laboratories, of which any school might well be proud. We have a Commercial Department, which I firmly believe is second to none outside the strictly commercial

colleges. We have a Music Department, housed in a home of its own, where tones of musical instruments and vocal notes no longer mingle with the voices of pupils in recitation. We have an enlarged campus to meet all present and future needs. We have our academy well filled with manly boys and womanly girls, and a faculty of fourteen members, who, for character, scholarship and devotion to duty cannot be excelled in any secondary school anywhere.

Gould Academy is at last coming into her own, and I believe it should be the policy of the institution, not to build up a large school, but to provide the best possible advantages for our Maine boys and girls, accepting pupils from a distance only upon the highest recommendations as to character and fitness. Thus may our school become known—not for its large registration, for that is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, not especially for its athletic prowess, though athletics, when made a means, rather than an end, have a rightful place among the school activities; but more particularly for the ideals it arouses, the aspirations it inspires and the scholastic standards it sets up. Such is my ideal for Gould Academy, and toward that ideal the school has been moving with gradually accelerating speed.

The completion of the beautiful building, which we have assembled to dedicate, is a fitting climax to nearly a hundred years of struggle and achievement, and in this connection too great credit cannot be given to Dr. George B. Farnsworth, but for whose zeal and initiative, I am assured by Mr. Bingham, our new building might still exist only in embryo. Great credit is also due the architects, H. J. Carlson and Son, our honored guests today, whose matchless skill, untiring efforts and

painstaking care have evolved a building so beautiful and dignified in architecture, and at the same time so perfectly adapted to the specific needs of this particular school. To them, as well as to Dr. Farnsworth, we make our manners and express our gratitude.

In tracing the history of Gould Academy during the present administration, which, as most of you well know, dates back to ancient history, a few names stand out with special prominence. Very many have given material aid and words of cheer, when the days seemed dark and the way beset by seemingly mountainous obstacles. What a splendid sight it would be, if all Gould's benefactors could pass in review before us. Time forbids the mention of but few.

Perhaps few people realize how much Gould Academy owes to the late Hon. A. E. Herrick, who, during her years of stress and storm, as President of the Board of Trustees, or Chairman of the Executive Committee, served as an anchor to windward that always held, when adverse winds threatened wreck and disaster. It was due to his influence, as a member of the Maine Senate, that the General Academy Law was passed, by which the Academy received for many years its only financial help, aside from the small tuition fees. His own experience as a teacher, coupled with rare wisdom and sound business judgment, made him a wise counselor in solving problems of discipline and administration.

Hon. L. E. Holden came to the school at a critical time, providing a home for the Principal, when it seemed necessary for him to go from the town in order to secure a suitable home for his growing family. Again, when increasing numbers made it impossible for pupils in the village homes, he provided Holden Hall to meet the emergency. It

was the purpose of this good man to do much more for Gould Academy; but death intervened before his larger plans were consummated.

For twenty-two years Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pratt of New York contributed two thousand dollars each year for general maintenance in memory of their son, Morris Pratt, whose manly, earnest young life went out here among our Bethel hills.

Mr. William J. Upson, Charles K. Fox, Melville C. Day, William W. Hastings, Mrs. Ezra M. Cross, Mrs. Agnes H. Straw, and Mrs. Sarah W. Foster have, by gift or bequest, made valuable contributions to the permanent endowment fund. Their benefactions will be a help to the school for all time.

In the annals of Gould Academy the names of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Gehring will be written in indelible characters. Their moral and financial support was never lacking at critical times, and but for their personal influence, unfaltering faith and unswerving loyalty Gould's most generous benefactors never would have taken more than a passing interest in the school.

One of our distinguished Americans is responsible for the oft-quoted maxim, that "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will make a beaten path to his door." The life of our own Dr. Gehring well illustrates the truth of this maxim. Distinguished people from all parts of the country sought him out in the little town of Bethel and applied at his door for the mental and physical healing that they had failed to find elsewhere. Dr. Gehring honored Bethel and Gould Academy, and Bethel and Gould Academy do well to honor him. For nearly forty years he was a trustee of the school and for a long term of years President of the Board. He was

a man of broad vision, and the Gould Academy that his eyes were not to see was a part of that vision. Because of his abiding interest in the school, the donor of our new building has caused a portrait of Dr. Gehring to be painted by a distinguished artist, Mr. Henry Salem Hubbell of Miami, Florida, whose paintings are found in famous art galleries both in America and abroad, and whose portraits hang on the walls of many colleges, universities and private homes. It is the wish of Mr. Bingham that this portrait be hung in the Assembly Room of the Academy. We confidently expected Mr. Hubbell to be our guest today, that his hand might disclose to us the work which his genius has created. In his absence I will call upon our Presiding Officer, Mr. Ellery C. Park to unveil Dr. Gehring's portrait.

And last, I would speak of Gould's greatest benefactor, Mr. William Bingham, 2nd., the modest, unassuming Christian gentleman, of whom it might well be said, as was said of the Man of Galilee, "He went about doing good." I would that he were present today to receive the homage which this company would be only too happy to bestow. Knowing his innate modesty, I refrain from voicing the words of praise that my heart prompts; but his works will ever praise him in the gates, and generations of academy students yet unborn will rise up to call him blessed.

It is this man that I have the very great honor to represent today, and now, Mr. Chairman, on behalf of Mr. William Bingham, it is my great pleasure to present to Gould Academy the beautiful building that we have seen arise on our campus during the past year, together with all its splendid equipment, and he wishes me to assure you and all friends of the institution

of his pleasure and satisfaction in making the gift, and of his abiding interest in Bethel and in Gould Academy.

The dedication of this beautiful building, with all the added advantages that it offers, brings to a fitting close a third of a century of uninterrupted progress of the old school that we all love, and while our hearts go out in gratitude to all who have contributed in any way to such magnificent results, we should not forget to bow, in humble thankfulness before the Great Giver of all Good, who has prospered so abundantly the work of our weak hands.

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE.

Hon. H. H. Hastings, Trustee.

Mr. Chairman, Alumni and Friends of Gould Academy:

The year 1836 was an eventful year for the town of Bethel. It brings us here today. That year a petition for a charter for a secondary school, to be known as Bethel Academy, was presented to the Legislature of the State, signed by a score or more of the sturdy pioneers of the town.

It was a day of small things, of frugal and thrifty living; but still a day of high and noble endeavor. It was a day of simple and inexpensive school buildings, of small salaries, of a limited faculty, an overhead of exceedingly modest proportions. The charter provided that the Trustees could, in no event, hold real or personal property of sufficient value to yield an income in excess of two thousand dollars.

In 1836, then, under such a charter, under such financial restrictions, and only sixteen years after Maine became a state, this Academy came into being, with little financial support, except the small tuition fees, to cover all the running expenses of the school.

The school continued down through the years, first as Bethel Academy, then as Gould's Academy, and finally as Gould Academy, under the guidance and principalship of some of the leading educators of the period,—always hampered by lack of funds, always cramped within the narrow confines of the yard, but with a course of study, stiff and exacting in all the essentials of the days of New England pioneers.

Attracted by the excellence of its teaching and the thoroughness of the work done, there came here students with clear heads, vigorous minds and lofty ideals, who, went out, upon graduation, literally to the four corners of the country, and in places of honor, dignity and trust reflected great credit upon the school. But during all these years, with no added incentive, except a new building in the early eighties, and save the excitement incident to the incoming of a new class in the fall, and the sadness attending the outgoing of the senior class in the spring, the school kept the even tenor of its way.

The year 1897 is another significant date in the history of Gould Academy. With frequent changes in the head of the school and in the teaching force, with its finances at their lowest ebb, the student body few in number, the old academy building,—now only a memory,—stifed and hemmed in as it was, the only building, the whole plant, the present athletic field an unsightly pasture, there came to us from the town of Poland a young man in the full vigor of manhood,—with a vision.

But for the same reason that the founder of a city deserves no greater honor than he who protects, adorns and beautifies the city when founded, I think it would be most fitting for me in passing to express the feelings of the Trustees and friends of the school toward him who bridged the gap between

the old and the new,—who aroused the interest and enlisted the enthusiasm of those most concerned in the school's affairs, arrested the attention of one immediately responsible for our present beautiful, spacious and complete plant, pictured the possibilities, so as to be clearly perceived, of what is now our beautiful campus, covered with buildings, substantial, stable and enduring, an inspiration to youth for all time, and a source of pride to the citizens of the whole town.

This young man, with a spirit and determination of the same quality as that of the founders, with a sturdiness that has never wavered, with a calmness that has never been ruffled, and with a persistence that has never faltered,—sterling qualities all,—nurtured, it must be, by the inspiration of the distant hills, in good years and bad years, in flush years and lean years, in years of large classes and years of small classes, has kept to his task without shadow of turning; but with the vision year by year unfolding,—a secondary school of standing among its peers, a campus covering with its buildings of beauty and usefulness the whole quadrangle, an endowment adequate for all needs,—all placed at the feet of the boys and girls of the present generation and of countless generations yet to be. A long, hard task of an earnest purposeful life; but crowned with the highest reward, and the only reward worth while: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

What shall we say of the donor, this quiet, princely gentleman, who has made his home with us so long and who has been so good to us. Words cannot express the gratitude of the Trustees, language cannot picture the meaning and the significance of this occasion, its importance to this little community, the dedication of this new home for the

school, the noblest of a long series of benefactions,—this beautiful building, constructed regardless of labor and expense, its every detail finished with the most careful and painstaking care, fashioned by architects who have made it a labor of love to call out the best instincts and qualities with which boys and girls are endowed, and destined to leave its imprint upon their lives as the years come and go.

As this plant has grown, as this new building has neared completion, the Trustees have been more and more impressed with the additional responsibility of its management, more and more overwhelmed by the magnitude of the benefaction, more and more appreciative of the quiet, unselfish generosity of the donor, of whom Dr. Hanscom has so fittingly and so feelingly spoken, and we feel sure that the citizens of the town and the alumni of the school share fully with us our feeling of great responsibility and very great gratitude, and join with us in giving thanks for the gift.

The Trustees call upon the citizens of the town, upon parents far and near, upon all graduates to come to their assistance and the assistance of the head of the school and the whole teaching force, that the school may be more and more of service, more and more a rallying point for all that is best in the culture and refinement of the community and of the homes from which come boys and girls, seeking here the preparation for lives of usefulness and service.

In these days of rush and bustle, institutions like this must come to the rescue and steady us along. Institutions like this, nurtured and aided by men like this man, this donor, are destined to soothe and soften the asperities of life.

The Trustees accept this splendid addition to the school plant, this further evidence of unfailing generosity with the deepest sense of gratitude of which the human heart is capable.

GOULD ENROLLS 54

NEW STUDENTS

Gould Academy opened September 11 with the largest opening day registration in the history of the school. Fifty-four new pupils registered as follows:

Post Graduates: Wilber S. Clay, Berenice M. Leighton, Robert J. Payne, Richard A. Williams.

Juniors: Richard Carreau, Dorothy C. Harvey, Carolyn Linnell, Rose M. Sweatt, Phyllis Williamson.

Sophomores: Ivan W. Arno, Jr., Clayton Coolidge, Dorothy Daniels, Lewis O. Porter.

Freshmen: George Adams, Gordon Barnett, Bryant Bean, Ina Bean, Vivian M. Berry, Hazel Billings, Irene Blake, Jessie L. Brooks, Donald S. Brown, Marion M. Brown, Jane Chapin, Shirley Chase, Jr., Ada L. Cotton, Talbot H. Crane, Alton E. Cross, Helen E. Crouse, Harold F. Eagle, Louise Farrar, Marjorie Fishe, Marie E. Gibson, Helen Gillis, Florice M. Grover, Arthur Haselton, Phyllis Hunt, Ethel A. Jodrey, Royden A. Keddy, Robert F. Keniston, Ceylon M. Kimball, John R. King, Frank Littlehale, Donald F. Luxton, Elizabeth Lyon, Dorothy Machia, Haynes F. Noyes, Nancy Philbrook, Edward N. Robertson, Geraldine Stanley, Mary E. Stearns, Christie D. Thurston, Elaine Warren, Archer Wat-
erhouse, Jr.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The annual reception to the Freshmen of Gould Academy was held under the sponsorship of the Seniors in the

William Bingham Gymnasium, Thursday evening, September 27. The chief feature of the evening was the amusing "Wienies on Wednesday" by Edna Higgins Strachan under the able direction of Miss Ruth Leavengood, Head of the Dramatic Department. The cast: Mr. William Foster, Willard Wight; Mrs. Foster, his wife, Helen Philbrook; Marian, their daughter, Betty Soule; Jack, their son, Robert Kirk; Madame Castinelli, Sylvia Merrill. Scene: Early morning in the Foster's kitchen. Other features of the program were an accordion solo by Phyllis Davis and songs by Richard Young. The hall, beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, formed an effective background for the dancers. The prize march was won by Norma Rolfe and Chris Onofrio; the prize waltz, by Phyllis Davis and Dwight Stiles. Refreshments of punch and cookies were served.

SENIOR NOTES

The officers chosen for our class are:

President—Henry Martinson
Vice-President—Charles Smith
Secretary—Margaret Hamlin
Treasurer—Josephine Thurston

We welcome Berenice Leighton, Richard Marshall, Robert Payne, Wilber Clay, and Richard Williams as new members of our class.

OUR CLASS IN 1940

In five years I wonder where each of us will be.

As through the crystal I gaze, these fortunes I see—

Frances A. is a homemaker none can excell
For she bakes, cans, and sews exceedingly well.

Margaret, Florine, and Libby all three
Are prosperous graduate nurses I see.

Phyllis Bennett a nurse is too
And to Duty's call she's always true.

Through soft notes o'er the N. B. C.,
I hear the voice of Kathryn B.

Betty and Mary are business girls now
The cream of the crop, right at the top, and
how!

And now at the crossroads our Muriel I find,
Still hesitating, still waiting to make up
her mind.

Marion, still modest, still quiet, and shy
In her chosen field has passed many by.

As I scan the paper from my home town,
I think it a real credit to Brown & Brown.

Marguerite is teaching and carrying school-
ars.

My, what a success at getting the dollars.

Arthur's a painter, he has acquired great
fame

By painting pictures of West Bethel, Maine.

Stanley Hamlin as a Forest Ranger, I see
Snowshoeing, snowshoeing, from tree to
tree.

Walter Grover, from Mason town.
Is now a chemist of great renown.

Freddy's a sailor, as a captain he scores.
He makes long voyages to foreign shores.

Grace and Dorothy, friends at old G. A.,
Live side by side in a village not far away.

Georgia's face above a painter's smock I see
As she designs covers for magazines three.

Robert King's a noted artist, too,
But he's drawing funnies as he used to do.

Junior is a lawyer, the finest in the land.
His office is presided over by Ruby's efficient
hand.

At Harvard I see Marty's a coach
But dates on his work still seem to encroach.

I can see Robert Kirk on the flying trapeze
And he flies through the air with the great-
est of ease.

As an Athletic Director, praises of Beatrice
they sing,
For as usual she's a success at everything.

Sib is still dancing, dancing away,
Teaching to others day after day.

Haakon is hoeing, row after row.
He certainly can make potatoes grow.

Frankie Parsons now carries the mail
And to cover his route he will never fail.

Helen and Betty enjoy spinsterhood.
At taking tourists they sure are good.

Charlie's a champion, you can bet
He's won every golf cup he can get.

Jeanette is still studying, studying ever.
She makes a success of every endeavor.

Manufacturing airplanes is now an art;
In their improvement Howie's done his part.

Josie's a poetess of great renown;
We're sure glad she comes from our town.

Willard Wight can hardly wait
Till he's the governor of our state.

Richard Williams with his pills
Cures everybody's pains and ills.

Berenice Leighton, that quiet maid,
Is dean of a college stiff and staid.

The Bartlett girls an apartment took
Now Bessie's a "stenog" and Lois is a cook.

Helen Anderson has found her work
As a welfare worker she ne'er will shirk.

Clem and Wilber professors are,
In their chosen work they'll travel far.

If I've missed any who are in my class.
It must be the fault of this magic glass.

JUNIOR NOTES

The juniors welcome six new stu-
dents to their class this year. They
are: Carolyn Linnell, Dorothy Harvey,
Walter Snow, Rose Sweatt, Phyllis Wil-
lamson, and Alma Davenport.

QUOTATIONS APPLIED

Persis Adams—"Good nature is stronger
than a tomahawk."

"Katie" Bean—

"With a brow that's all furrowed
And wrinkled with care."

Marjorie Berry—

"She reasoned without plodding along
And never gave her judgment wrong."

Kenneth Brooks—

"Let your light so shine before men
That they may dodge your motor car."

Roberta Browne—

"Count that day lost,
Whose low descending sun
Views, by thy glance,
No charming laddie won."

Robert Browne—

"You gave me the key to thy heart my
love,

Then why do you make me knock?"

"Oh! that was yesterday, Saints Above!

Last night I changed the lock."

Russell Burris—"A rare compound of frolic
and fun."

Philip Chapman—"Slow but sure."

- Edgar Coolidge—
"I dare do all that becomes a man;
Who dares do more is none."
- Helen Daniels—
"Happy am I, from care I am free.
Why aren't they all contented like me?"
- Paul Daniels—
"When musing on a companion gone,
I doubly feel myself alone."
- Phyllis Davis—"There's nothing in this
world so sweet as love."
- George Gilbert—"Speech is great but silence
is greater."
- Verna Grover—"There's little of the melan-
choly element in her."
- Henry Hastings—
"In arguing too, the parson owned his
skill
For e'en though vanquished he could ar-
gue still."
- Evelyn Hunt—
"Youth and beauty are hers;
Why should she not be happy?"
- Dorothy Irish—
"Her affections are like lightning.
You can't tell where they'll strike until
They have fallen."
- Marian King—
"For if she will, she will, you may de-
pend on't;
If she won't, she won't, so there's an end
on't."
- Sally King—
"Oh blue eyed child with modest ways,
She's never spoiled by a bit of praise."
- Pauline LaRue—"Her lips move but she
whispers not?"
- Catherine Losier—
"Tis but the joyous quality of life
That pricks her heart with glee."
- John Losier—
"Don't talk to me of women,
Talk about something sensible."
- Alfred Lovejoy—
"I know I am small, but I do my best;
It's the little things that count."
- Malcolm Mundt—
"Much study hath made him lean,
And pale and heavy eyed."
- Chris Onofrio—
"Had I been present at the Creation, I
Would have given some useful hints
For the better ordering of the universe."
- Daniel Quimby—"She floats upon the river
of his thoughts."
- Betty Raynes—
"Your love between two swains
Was evenly divided,
But now your heart appears
Just a little bit lop-sided."
- Rosalind Rowe—"The clock upbraids me
with the flight of time."
- Dwight Stiles—
"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."
- Alice Tyler—"Her ways are ways of pleas-
antness."
- Mildred Vail—
"She, while her companions slept
Was toiling upward in the night."
- Eslyn Warren—
"The heart has reasons that reason
Does not understand."
- Roma Warren—
"She is modest, but not bashful.
Fine and easy but not bold."
- Norrine Waterhouse—
"A kindly word and a happy smile
Keep the sun shining all the while."
- Norwood Waterhouse—"Wise with a wisdom
all his own."
- Chester Wheeler—
"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
- Esther Wheeler—
"Whatever she did was done with such
ease
In her alone was natural to please."
- Arthur Whitman—
"Never learn today what you can
Forget tomorrow."
- Maynard Young—
"I can be as good as I please
When I please to be good."
- Richard Young—
"The art of bluffing
Is to know when to stop."
- Dorothy Harvey—"A merry heart makes a
cheerful countenance."
- Carolyn Linnell—"A wee girl but, oh, so
nice."
- Phyllis Williamson—
"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit, mild and gentle."
- Lillian Judkins—"In each cheek appears a
dimple."
- Rose Sweatt—"I am sure care is an enemy
to life."
- Rodney Howe—"Just a happy go-lucky
boy."
- Walter Snow—
"Girls, girls, everywhere
But not one do I get,
But don't fool yourself,
'Cause I'm bound to get one yet."
- Mr. Crane (In American History
class)—"Dorothy, what happened to
the house of Burgesses?"
- "Dottie"—"It was burned."

It seems that "Phyl" Davis prefers blonde styles (Stiles).

Mr. Fossett (In English class)—
"What is the meaning of 'martial'?"
"Tubby" blushes.

Mr. Fossett—"Oh! I don't mean 'Marshall'."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

THE SOPHOMORE LIBRARY

This is the "Who's Who" book in the Sophomore Library giving a recent report. "The officers of the Sophomore Class are as follows: Erland S. Wentzell, President; O'Neil Robertson, Vice-President; Rita I. Hutchins, Secretary and Treasurer." Another important page of my valuable contents states that of the thirty-four books in our Sophomore Library there are only twelve books for girls and twenty-two for boys. If any of you other books hear of any girls' books for sale, please notify me at once.

In our library we have five added attractions and twenty-nine first editions.

AS AUTHORS SEE US

Added Attractions

We—Ivan Arno and Clayton Coolidge

The Fascinating Stranger—Robert Brine

Why Laugh?—Irene Foster

Slim—Lewis Porter

First Editions

Little Caesar—Charles Anderson

Calm Yourself—Arthur Bennett

Story of a Bad Boy—Shurwin Bennett

Huckleberry Finn—Victor Brooks

Small Bachelor—Mervin Buck

Track and Field—Robert Chapman

Little Minister—Shirley Gilbert

Modern Columbus—Edward Holt

Red Headed Woman—Rita Hutchins

How to Study—Yvonne Kimball

The Boy Mechanic—Earlon Kenniston

Memoirs of an Artist—Evelyn Kimball

A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away—Barbara Moore

Daddy Long Legs—Robert Moore

Football Today and Tomorrow—Wallace Morgan

Mickey Mouse—Lawrence Perry

Fun of It—Constance Philbrook.

A Scout with Byrd—O'Neil Robertson

Dynamite Smith—Gardner Smith

The Good Companions—Agnes Stanley and Hulda Stearns

The Deerslayer—Newton Stearns

Dame Care—Helen Stevens

Iron Man—Dale Thurtson

Lady of Leisure—Margaret Tibbetts

Why Worry?—Eleanor Vail

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Jane Waterhouse

Mischief Maker—Erland Wentzell

Man of the Forest—Robert Whitman

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshman Class of '38 entered this fall with an enrollment of forty-four. Most of them are taking part in school activities.

A is for Adams the only one.

B is for Berry and Brooks—so full of fun, Bean, Beck, and Brown. each of which there are two.

Also a Billings and Blake so true.

C is for Cross, Chapin, Crouse, Chase, Cotton, and Crane.

D is for Daniels, who is from Maine.

E is for Eagle, Harold by name.

F is for Fish and Farrar, of no little fame.

G is for Grover, Gibson, and Gillis.

H is for Haselton and Hunt, Phyllis.

I there is none.

J is for Jodrey, but one.

K is for Keddy, Kenniston, Kimball, and King.

L Luxton, Lyon, and Littlehale, a small thing.

M is for Machia, a girl of poise.

N is for Haynes, a boy of Noyes (noise).

O

P O, P, and Q, are all counted zero.

Q

R is for Robertson, our football hero.

S is for Stanley, and also for Stearns.

T is for Thurston, who tries and learns.

U no need for U and V.

Nor X, nor Y, nor Z.

W but W is for Waterhouse and Warren
each as quiet as a mouse.

MANUAL TRAINING

The Manual Training Classes are enjoying their first year in the new excellently equipped department. Many of the classes are larger than usual but they are easily handled in the new rooms. There are 14 boys in the Freshman Class under the direction of Mr. Fossett. The Sophomore Class is the largest with an enrollment of 17 while the Juniors and Seniors number 10 and 13 respectively.

At the time of writing the boys are getting started on their new projects. Every boy has completed a working drawing of the piece he is going to build and is now eagerly at his job. The Sophomores are making plant pedestals and will soon be starting drawings for a tapestry upholstered footstool.

The Juniors and Seniors are at work on a variety of projects. They are now starting their first course in wood turning. There being 5 turning lathes the boys take turns by weeks in groups of 5 until they are ready for more advanced turning. The upper classmen are enjoying the use of the 3 mortising machines, 2 circle saws, 2 jointers, 2 electric sanders, band saw, and coping saw.

Mr. Fossett's Freshman Class are beginning their first years work in the shop. They have made coat hangers and are now working on nail boxes. Reading lamps, book-ends, plant stands, and similar projects will be made later in the term.

HOME ECONOMICS

The senior class of Home Economics have taken up Dietetics, learning how to plan and prepare the correct diets for adults and children. They will begin House Practice October 15.

The junior class has ten members this year. The first three weeks of school were spent in the study of Income Management. The class is learning to manage an income for a student, homemaker, or a professional woman. Next term is to be devoted to sewing.

The Sophomore Home Economics Class of six girls has been canning, pickling, and making jellies in their Food Class this year.

This year the freshman class consists of eleven members. They have studied theory of clothing and its relation to hygiene.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

As in years before, the Sophomores and Juniors will speak five declamations in the assembly hall. The Seniors speak only four, with their part in the Commencement pageant counting as the fifth declamation. This is a requirement of the school and must be fulfilled by the pupils unless they present a notice from their parents that they may be excused from declaiming. The declamations are chosen under the supervision of Miss Leavengood, the public speaking teacher. Great care is taken to have selections given that are worth while learning. Special attention is given to pronunciation, enunciation, and clear articulation. Many excellent programs have been given already this year. One declamation was required by October 17 and the second by November 28.

A Public Speaking class is conducted once a week for the Freshmen. This

year two divisions are held instead of one in order to make a smaller class, which in turn will afford greater opportunity for individual instruction. In this class, instruction in the fundamentals of speech training is given along with private drill on a declamation which is to be given late in the spring term before the assembly. The Freshmen last year set a good standard in their first speech and we hope this standard will be kept up this year by them as well as by the class this year.

A short play was given the night of Freshman Reception called "Wienies on Wednesday" under the direction of Miss Leavengood. This play was very clever and was ably presented by the following cast of Seniors: Helen Philbrook, Willard Wight, Betty Soule, Robert Kirk, and Sylvia Merrill. "Ten Days Before The Wedding" a mystery play to be given by the Girl Reserves is being rehearsed now and is to be given November 15. Plans are already under way for special scenery and costumes for the senior musical fantasy, "The Cross-Stitch Heart" to be given on Donor's Night.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

In looking through that huge volume, "Biographies of the Young Ladies Inhabiting Marian True Gehring Students' Home," I found a few interesting notes about each one which I jotted down that all might know a little about these famous personages.

On this floor are Totty and Dotty,
Who very seldom are naughty (?)
Dotty keeps their room clean,
While calm and serene
Sits happy-go-lucky Totty.

Then there are Betty and Helen,
Who in the next room are dwellin',
They work with a will,
Are always quiet until
One or the other starts yellin'.

Next are the two brunettes
Whom no one ever forgets,
Jane and Nancy by name,
If they are always the same
We know they'll have no regrets.

One of our newcomers this year is Berenice Leighton, more popularly known as "Neice." This basketball star and mathematician is a senior from Harrington, Maine. One of her chief pleasures, we find, is to excite the curiosity of the Holden Hall Assistant Postmaster as to those frequent letters from 'way out West.

Persis Adams, or "Pert," who is a good person to study with if you have no studying to do yourself, is very careful to walk straight from the gym to the dorm on dance nights. Her good nature covers any failings, such as blushing, that she might have.

Marian King so tiny and small,
Her greatest ambition is to try and grow tall.
She studies so hard the study hours through
(Shh—this fact can be proved by very few!)

Lillian Judkins is one of the quiet dorm inhabitants who seems to derive great pleasure from bringing tea to certain people at certain times. She is one of the few people whose silence would be missed.

Cleo Linnell, the jolly gay lass,
Will be the champion typist of the Junior Class.
If her room isn't clean, she's not to blame,
It's the fault of her roommate, whom we'll not name.

Barbara Myers, known to blush even to her arms, always keeps the second floor girls laughing. She prefers red hair even to her pictures which always have red hair. A good kid full of fun but for some reason always likes to keep her door locked.

Evelyn Kimball, a specimen of the Sophomore Class, is often seen trying

to draw some handsome hero or tennis champion. Maybe some day we will see these same pictures on exhibit at an art gallery—Stranger things have happened!

Betty Raynes, the dorm artist, has been known to have frequent nightmares in which the "dicks" were after her. It is a strange thing but during those nightmares "her voice is ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

From the wilds of Magalloway comes a valuable addition to the Junior class, Dorothy Harvey. She is a very quiet young lady who believes in study and plenty of it.

Helen Gillis is one of our meek little Freshmen coming from away down in Connecticut. Like all good Freshmen she is more often seen than heard, but occasionally one may hear as well as see her doing a strenuous tap-dance, or is it the "Highland Fling"?

Some of Jane Waterhouse's favorite sayings ought to acquaint one with her at least slightly:

"Oh my studies—I'll never be able to pass them!"

"Shut the window, Norrine, I'm cold."

"Wake me up in the morning at six o'clock."

"Norrine, why don't you dust? Miss Litchfield will be up this morning saying 'Dust on the bookcase'."

Yvonne Kimball is a good sport and a girl who is always ready for fun and a good time. She is a firm disbeliever in the old saying that "all good things come in small packages," though we couldn't guess why. (Oh, no!)

What would the dorm do without "Frannie" Adams? She is a friend to all—always ready to help where help is needed—and always ready to provide laughs for the whole dorm. It would be a much less cheery place without her.

Last but not least, in the records of the dorm students is Norrine Waterhouse, good-natured junior from Poland Springs. She is always in a rush from morning till night trying to finish her seemingly endless round of duties. However, unlike most people, her haste does not affect her good nature in the least.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES

Newcomers to Holden Hall this year are: Richard Williams, Mechanic Falls; Robert Payne, Nashua, N. H.; Archer Waterhouse, Poland; Bryant Bean, Bryant's Pond; Clayton Coolidge and Ivan Arno, Errol, N. H.; Gordon Barnett, Upton; Robert Brine, Falmouth, Mass.; Walter Snow, Carlisle, Mass.; Wilber Clay, Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey have a suite of rooms on the first floor. Other roomers on that floor are: Henry Martinson of football fame, Clem Philbrook the "Man from Littleton," and two newcomers from Mass.,—Robert Brine and Walter Snow.

On the second floor, Mr. and Mrs. Fossett have their same suite of rooms as last year. Some of the boys on this floor, apparently desiring playmates have teamed up together: Arno and Barnet, so-called "babes" of the dorm, occupy the Sunrise Room. Bill Wight, having fallen in love with Maynard Young's vocal solos, has even gone so far as to agree to sweep the floor daily for the privilege of rooming with the vocal artist. Norwood and Archer Waterhouse share the same "apartment;" it is reported that "Archy" has Norwood beaten as far as Tarzan is concerned. Dwight Stiles, Ex Tilton Tiger, rooms alone in order that he may devote more time to his drawing of maps of Middle Intervale. Albert Judkins, efficient mail-carrier, brings joy

to the girls' hearts with his letters from as far west as Wisconsin. Robert Payne finds week-ends with friends very interesting. Richard Williams, our star tennis player, has a large well-furnished room to himself, except when it is crowded with admirers. Bryant Bean, although a quiet appearing chap, can make a clarinet do its duty. Clayton Coolidge has become quite a famous bicycle rider since coming to Gould. (He is still limping). Wilber Clay takes time out long enough to rush an occasional letter in the direction of northern Maine. Mr. Myers, maintaining his bachelor apartment, gives occasional cribbage lessons to certain less gifted cribbage fans among male members of the faculty.

GIRL RESERVE NOTES

Cabinet for 1934-1935

President—Josephine Thurston
 Vice President—Rosalind Rowe
 Secretary—Florine Bean
 Treasurer—Beatrice Merrill
 Chairman of Music—Phyllis Davis
 Chairman of Program Committee—
 Kathryn Brinck
 Chairman of Membership—Betty Edwards
 Chairman of Service—Frances Adams
 Chairman of Social—Margaret Hamlin
 Chairman of Poster—Jeanette Sanborn
 Reporter—Marjorie Berry

The following program of the Girl Reserves has been planned by the program committee:

September 19—Annual Girl Reserve Hike.
 October 3—Discussion—"A Constructive Use of Leisure Time."
 October 15—Recognition Service for New Members.
 October 30—World Fellowship Meeting.
 November 6—Report of Delegates to Augusta.
 November 15—Girl Reserve Play—"Ten Days Before the Wedding."
 November 27—Thanksgiving Meeting.
 December 10—Christmas Meeting.
 January 9—Jitney Supper.

The Annual Hike for the freshmen and new girls of the school was held September 19. The destination was the "Devil's Kitchen." Fifty-two girls, accompanied by Miss Litchfield, Miss Hanscom, and Miss Leavengood, enjoyed a real climb before it was announced the feasting would begin. Hot rolls were made for all by Mr. and Mrs. Garrett of the Girls Dormitory, and Jeanette Sanborn furnished corn. Coffee, hot dogs, bacon, doughnuts and cake completed the excellent repast. The girls were welcomed by Josephine Thurston, the president, Kathryn Brinck and Betty Edwards. The ideal weather and excellent planning of the various committees resulted in a very delightful and successful party.

The Girl Reserves held their Annual Recognition Service for the new members Tuesday evening, October 16, at the William Bingham Gymnasium. There were fifty-two members of the Girl Reserves present and eighteen guests, which included mothers and sisters of the girls. Refreshments and a social half hour followed the ceremonial service. Josephine Thurston, the president, presided, assisted by Betty Edwards and the cabinet members. Margaret Hamlin, the chairman of the social committee, served dainty refreshments and directed a short order of games and dances for both mothers and girls. The nineteen girls who became members were: Marguerite Deegan, Berenice Leighton, Frances Morrill, Barbara Myers, Irene Blake, Ada Cotton, Ina Bean, Jessie Brooks, Jane Chapin, Christie Thurston, Elizabeth Lyon, Florice Grover, Geraldine Stanley, Ethel Jodrey, Marjorie Fish, and Elaine Warren.

The Gould girls received an invitation to make place cards for the banquet at Augusta, which was held November 2. Jeanette Sanborn, chairman of the

Art Committee, had charge of this work and three hundred place cards were made by the girls.

The Girl Reserve play was given November fifteenth. The play chosen was a mystery play "Ten Days Before the Wedding" a comedy by Lindsay Barbee. It was a royalty play and was coached by Miss Leavengood, head of the public speaking department. It was an exceptionally strong play for an all girl cast and, as is the custom in the Girl Reserve plays, there were a number of new actresses presented, who were aided by "stars" of former performances.

The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Cory,	Margaret Hamlin
Julie,	Josephine Thurston
Nancy,	Betty Edwards
Miss Burns,	Margaret Tibbetts
Elaine,	Rosalind Rowe
Madge,	Robert Brown
Olivia Ogilvy,	Phyllis Davis
Francena,	Mary Sanborn
Mrs. Gray,	Persis Adams
Marie,	Frances Adams

The girls chosen as delegates to the conference at Augusta were: Josephine Thurston, Margaret Hamlin, Frances Adams, Barbara Myers, Jane Linston, Jeanette Sanborn, Rosalind Rowe, Marjorie Berry, Evelyn Hunt, Persis Adams, Barbara Moore, and Rita Hutchins.

During the week of December tenth Christmas wreaths will be made and sold by the Girl Reserves. Orders may be given to Josephine Thurston or Beatrice Merrill.

ALUMNI NOTES

1934

Stanley Allen is a Freshman at Bowdoin College and is pledged to the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

Trafton Bartlett, Charles Dwyer, and Richard Davis are employed at the L. E. Davis Lumber Co.

Rosaline Morrill and Margaret Fraser are attending Nasson Institute.

Shirley Cole is at Westbrook Junior College.

Anne Thomas ex'34 will attend the Keith Paris School of Design this winter.

Richard Marshall is taking a post-graduate course at Gould.

Floyd Thurston is employed at Lord's Garage.

Pauline Buck is a student at the Lesley School in Massachusetts.

Arthur Hill ex'34 is a Freshman at the University of Maine.

Ernestine Bean has been accepted at the training school of the Nashua Memorial Hospital.

Mary Tibbetts is a Freshman at Wheaton College.

1933

Stuart Lane, a Sophomore at the University of Maine, is on the varsity football squad.

Wilma Hall is in Boston training to become a beautician.

Pauline Brown will enter the training school of the New England Baptist Hospital in December.

Barbara Heath was married to Donald Whitman of Bryants Pond.

Morris Vail is employed in Canton, Mass.

Richard Holt '32 is a Freshman at Bowdoin.

Mary Thurston '31 is a dietician at the Metropolitan Cafeteria in Boston.

John Palmer '31 is doing scientific farming on his farm in Lovell.

Rebecca Carter '30 is teaching at Ohio Wesleyan University.

Elton Glover '29 a Senior at New Hampshire University has been awarded a scholarship because of his fine work in that institution.

Erland Wheeler is to have a tryout with the Boston Braves.

Y. M. C. A.

Walter Grover, 1935, was elected president of the Boys' "Y" for this year and weekly meetings are held in room 1-6, the 5th period every Thursday. Grover attended the State Y. M. C. A. Camp at Lake Cobbosseecontee one week in August and reported on his interesting experiences at the first meeting in September. "Stan" Brown, 1935, presided over the discussion meeting, "Friends and Acquaintances," and the leaders were "Clem" Philbrook, 1935, of Littleton, N. H., and "Tiger" Stiles of Milan, N. H. The discussion subject, "Heroes of history, fiction, everyday life and athletics," was led by Wilber Clay, 1935, of Lincoln, "Stan" Brown, 1935, of Bethel, "Bill" Wight, 1935, of Newry and "Al" Chapman 1935, of Bethel. Walter Grover presided. The Gould "Y" expects to be represented by a large delegation at the annual state conference at Portland the last of November. "Uncle Jeff" Smith, the popular State "Y" secretary and his son Kenneth made a brief call at Gould in October. It is expected that Kenneth Smith, who is one of "Uncle Jeff's" assistants, will visit Gould later in the year and take part in a general meeting for all the boys.

MUSIC

Glee Clubs

Miss Leavengood reports that much interest has been shown in the glee clubs by the increase in membership. This year there are forty in the Girls' Glee Club and twenty-seven in the Boys' Glee Club. The girls meet twice a week for rehearsals, and the boys meet once a week.

The Girls' Glee Club sang two special numbers at the Baccalaureate Service

last spring, and the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs sang a song at the Dedication Exercises accompanied by the Gould Academy Orchestra. The music to this song was composed by Professor Mainente and the words by Miss Margaret Hanscom. Both glee clubs are preparing numbers for assembly exercises and are starting special numbers for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Each student who belongs to the glee clubs for two years without any unexcused absences is awarded a pin. There are eight girls and two boys who have received pins this fall. These are all from the senior class. After spring vacation other seniors will be awarded pins.

The following senior girls have received glee club pins this fall: Betty Edwards, Jane Linston, Kathryn Brinck, Lois Bartlett, Helen Anderson, Helen Philbrook, Betty Soule, and Mary Bean.

Members of the Girls' Glee Club other than those who have received pins are: Elizabeth, Ina, and Winifred Bean, Vivian Berry, Irene Blake, Marion and Muriel Brinck, Jessie Brooks, Jane Chapin, Ada Cotton, Phyllis Davis, Marguerite Deegan, Marjorie Fishe, Helen Gillis, Florice and Verna Grover, Rita Hutchins, Dorothy Hutchinson, Dorothy Irish, Ruby Jodrey, Georgia Judkins, Marion King, Dorothy Machia, Sylvia Merrill, Barbara Moore, Barbara Myers, Constance and Nancy Philbrook, Rosalind Rowe, Eleanor and Mildred Vail, and Elizabeth Lyon.

Jane Linston is the accompanist for the Girls' Glee Club.

The boys who have received pins this fall are: Willard Wight, Frederick McMillan.

The other members of the Boys' Glee Club are: Charles Anderson, Ivan Arno, Gordon Barnett, Bryant Bean, Arthur

and Shurwin Bennett, Kenneth Brooks, Donald Brown, Alonzo Chapman, Talbot Crane, Alton Cross, Harold Eagle, Rodney Howe, Royden Keddy, Robert Kenniston, Mellon Kimball, John King, Robert Kirk, Frank Littlehale, Edward and O'Neil Robertson, Gardner Smith, Dwight Stiles, Erland Wentzel, and Richard Young.

Rosalind Rowe and Phyllis Davis are the accompanists for the Boys' Glee Club.

Last year a group of six girls sang at special programs. This year the group has been increased to eight in order that four part music can be sung. This octet is to meet once a week after school to rehearse numbers to be used at various school activities.

Members are: Helen Phillbrook, Elizabeth Bean, Betty Edwards, Betty Soule, Katheryn Brinck, Betty Raynes, Phyllis Davis, Rosalind Rowe. Jane Linston is accompanist.

Orchestra

The Gould Academy Orchestra under the direction of Antone Eugene Mainente has begun its rehearsals once more. Mr. Mainente expects a larger orchestra this year; at present it consists of twenty-four pieces.

Mr. Mainente gives lessons and conducts orchestra rehearsals on Thursdays this year instead of Monday. He is authorized to prepare pupils for the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Mainente plans to have pupils' recitals quite frequently this season and a recital of all his pupils before the Christmas holidays.

COMMERCIAL

On June 2 Gould Academy was represented in the Commercial Contest at Mexico by Alfred Taylor, Lillian Fuller, Marguerite Brooks, Jeanette Sanborn, Marguerite Deegan, and Josephine Thurston.

Alfred Taylor was entered in Class B Shorthand and Class A Typing.

Marguerite Brooks was entered in Class B Shorthand, winning second place.

Lillian Fuller was entered in Class B Typing.

Jeanette Sanborn, Marguerite Deegan, and Josephine Thurston were entered in Class C Typing, Miss Deegan winning third place.

The Commercial Department has a new R. C. A. Victor combination Radio and Phonograph from which Shorthand students have been taking dictation.

Students taking first year Shorthand, Bookkeeping, and Typing are as follows: Marjorie Berry, Russell Burris, Catherine Losier, Richard Marshall, Alice Tyler, Chester Wheeler, Winifred Beane, Edgar Coolidge, Verna Grover, Dorothy Harvey, Sally King, Carolyn Linnell, Alfred Lovejoy, Daniel Quimby, Mildred Vail.

Considerable interest in Typing is being shown by students not taking the Commercial Course. They are as follows: Paul Brown, George Gilbert, Walter Grover, Marion King, Barbara Myers (Also taking Shorthand I), Phyllis Bennett, Paul Daniels, Margaret Hamlin, Christino Onofrio, Josephine Thurston (Typing II), Pauline LaRue (Also taking Bookkeeping I), Rose Sweatt, Phyllis Williamson.



LITERARY



OSWALD OSCAR OTISFIELD

"Ka-choo, Ka-choo." No one else on earth could sneeze the way Oswald Otisfield could. Oswald had hay fever and was very sensitive about it. On this account, he seldom went far from home. Oswald Oscar was very much interested in motor boats. At the Grange Hall on Friday night there was to be a very well known motor boat racer, who was going to lecture on the building and piloting of a motor boat, also added attractions. Because of his hay fever, Oswald Oscar could not make up his mind whether or not to go, but after many decisions to go and many more to stay, he decided to go.

Friday came at last. Oswald was almost ready to go, but couldn't find one of his cuff buttons. Finally seeing it on the window sill, he went there to pick it up, but just as he reached out his hand—"Ka-choo," the cuff button sailed out the window.

After much delay he was off in his old "model T." He had not gone far when he saw the road was blocked by a large load of hay. The old horn was of no use. He blew, and blew, and blew, but the road was still blocked. Suddenly Oswald sneezed, and much to his astonishment, he saw the load go quickly to the side of the road. "Some horn on

the old car yet," the farmer yelled, as Oswald drove by.

A little farther on Oswald discovered the old Ford had a flat tire. He got out the jack and put on the spare tire, only to learn it was not blown up, and he had no pump. What could he do? He leaned over it to tighten a bolt when he had a terrible attack of hay fever. Lo and behold, he looked and the tire was blown up harder than a rock. Maybe he was lucky after all to be able to sneeze. He was progressing rapidly when suddenly Oswald saw and heard the radiator boiling so violently he stopped. He burned his hand, but nevertheless he got the cap off. As he bent down to see how much water there was in it, "Ka-choo, Ka-choo," the radiator immediately cooled off, and he finally arrived in town.

Oswald hurried to the lecture hall. The man at the door asked him if he cared for a program. Reaching out his hand he sneezed six times one after another. The programs flew everywhere. This was a bad start, but he entered anyway. Seated in front of Oswald was a very good-looking girl with a pretty skimmer hat. Oswald knew he had to sneeze but what could he do about it? He sneezed and when he looked up, the hat that before had been on the girl's head was now perched on the head of a very angry lecturer.

Oswald Oscar thought he ought to leave; so he left but his interest was aroused so he came back and stood near the exit. All went well until the closing speech of the occasion happened just when Oswald had a very violent attack of hay fever: "This has been indeed [a very memorable occasion," (not heard)] Ka-choo. [If I ever come again, (not heard)] Ka-choo, it will be because I have been highly [welcomed," (not heard)] Kachoo. This caused a great disturbance and Oswald left for good. He was downhearted and about to return home when a well dressed man came to him and asked if he were the Oswald Otisfield who could sneeze so violently? Although Oswald hated to admit it he said he was. The man, it seemed, was a movie scout, looking for someone with a very loud sneeze to play the leading role in a comedy. Would he take it at \$20,000 a week? With a mighty Ka-choo which sent ink flying from the ink well, where he was signing the contract, all over the scout, Oswald thought the deal over, but the man said, "Never mind, I know you can sneeze anyway."

Another "Ka-choo" closed the deal and it was a very proud Otisfield who arrived home that night only it was then around a quarter of 6:00. Before going to bed. Oswald Oscar Otisfield stood in front of the looking glass, took a deep breath and sneezed. It was such a terrific sneeze that the whole countryside thought it was the 6:00 o'clock whistle, but to Oswald it was the victory of the year.

Barbara Moore '37

TO A FORD

This Ford is my auto;
I wouldn't have another.
It maketh me to get out and crank it;
It leadeth me always to the water tank.
The radiator leaketh.

It leadeth me in the path of ridicule.
Because of its rattles,
Yea, tho I step on the gas,
It backfireth continuously.
I fear my doom when I ride in it.
It breaketh down in the presence of mine
enemies.
I anoint the tank with gas,
Until it runneth over.
Surely if I keep this old car,
All the days of my life.
I shall dwell in the repair shop forever.
Mary A. Beane '35

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

What a relief! My studying's done, my skirt is pressed, and I have nothing to do but sit at the window and watch the scene in my neighbor's kitchen.

Something is decidedly wrong. Mrs. Jones's face has a grave, tired look as she hurries about doing the supper dishes (a chore Mary should have done long ago). Poor little John is crying with disappointment because his sister has refused to read to him. Mary is scrubbing with all her might to wipe up the ink she spilled, when, crash! Down comes the sewing basket and buttons, snaps, and thread roll over the floor. With a look of despair, Mary leaves the ink spot and starts to pick up the buttons and thread. The buttons are at last picked up and Mary starts to remove about half the contents from all the desk drawers in an attempt to find something she wishes. Suddenly a very choice ship model comes tumbling from the top of the desk and Mr. Jones, newspaper in hand, rushes into the room, waving his arms, and loudly telling Mary that she is to leave his things alone. Mary finally finds a piece of paper and hurriedly leaves the room.

What can be the matter? Is some one ill, or has the sun set in the east? No, Mary is only writing an English theme. Dear me, what a disturbance

over an English theme. Why, soon she will have it done the same as I—oh dear, oh dear, I've got to write a theme too. I just thought of it. It's nearly ten and—oh, where is that paper? There go those magazines all over the floor and all those pencils! Oh dear, I'll never get these picked up. Yes, and there's Mary Jones in the kitchen with her theme all written, showing it to all her family. Oh well, what's the use I never could keep up with that Mary Jones.

Frances Morrill '35

HIS IDEA OF POETRY

My idea of poetry is the kind
That sis calls "that new-fangled stuff."
You know the kind—real he-man poetry
Like Carl Sandourg writes. Why, the lines
Don't even have to begin with cap'tals
Unless you want them to,
And they can be 'bout anything
That int'rests a person.
Sis likes the kind that rhyme and tell about
Shy little violets beside babbling brooks,
And she even *likes* to read Shakespeare.
Well, I s'pose they int'rest *her*.
Imagine that!
But I like the kind that tell about
REAL THINGS—
REAL THINGS with lots of action.
Don't you?

Jeanette Sanborn '35

TRAPPING

Awakened in the dusk of early morning by the alarm clock, I reluctantly rise and prepare for the trip to my traps.

The air is brisk and once outside I at once lose my sleepiness and begin to notice my surroundings. The sun is just peeping over the mountains and its rays alight on the glistening grass. The air becomes warmer and the birds begin their songs. The occasional call of the crow seems in harmony with the stillness. The town is still and there

is no sight of human beings. I begin to think and wonder about the luck I will have at the traps this morning.

I approach the river quietly in the hope of seeing some ducks. The steam is rising from the river, hiding the other bank from view. As I approach the river, the air seems colder and everything is so quiet that it seems that something must happen to break the silence. As I cautiously look over the high banks, about fifty feet from the bank I see two pair of ducks quietly feeding. I actually hold my breath, in suspense, but the ducks seem unaware of my approach.

They are swimming in pairs and occasionally dive under the surface of the water in search of food. Suddenly they stop as though a signal had been given and without a glance my way they noisily rise from the water, slapping their wings against the water. I take a deep breath and go on.

I walk more rapidly as I approach my first trap. I breathlessly look over the bank to find to my dismay that it had not been touched. I pass several untouched traps and as I approach the next I feel sure that I must have one here. This trap is my favorite, being in a small cove, and I used some scent that I got for experimenting. Sure enough I have lost my bait and my trap is pulled out of sight into the water.

Hurriedly I jump down and pull the trap to shore. I have caught a large muskrat! He had drowned in the deep water and his wet fur glistens in the light. Spurred on by this success, I hurry to the other traps. I've caught four other medium sized muskrats after rebaiting all my traps with the scent I used in my other one. I hurry home thinking of the money I will get.

O'Neil Robertson

THE WIND

Piping down the valley wild,
Piping songs of wildest glee,
Like a happy carefree child
Blows the wind so wild and free.

Shrieking wild in murderous fury,
Laughing with mischievous glee,
Shakes the world into a flurry
Because it is so wild and free.

Louise Farrar '38

DORMITORY LIFE

It was a dark and rainy afternoon. In room No. — the various pieces of furniture were engaged in telling their trials to one another.

"Oh, my springs," cried one bed. "I had at least ten girls on me at once and they were no light weights either. If I live through this year it will be a wonder."

"That's nothing," cried the other bed, "I had two chairs, a trunk, a typewriter, and three girls on me. I thought my weak spring would surely break."

"Ouch! Ouch!" cried the burlap walls.

"Why do those girls persist in sticking pins into me?"

"I know I'll be dead by morning," mourned one bureau. "I've caught a dreadful cold and then those girls had to place me into the draft of this window."

"Well, how would you like to be roasted to death?" cried the trunk, who was backed up against the radiator. "With this heavy blanket over me I'm about suffocated."

"Oh," cried the desk, "I wish someone would take this typewriter and these books and papers off me. I'm all tired out and I haven't been dusted for a week."

"Why, I haven't been dusted for a month. What are you kicking about?"

answered the book shelves.

"Oh, dear," cried a chair. "There's a wet washcloth and a wet cake of soap on my seat. I won't have a bit of varnish left on me."

"Well, I have a wet coat on my back," answered the other chair. "So you have nothing to fuss about."

"What shall I do?" cried the bureau very loud so that he could be heard above the racket that came from a room down the corridor. "My top is covered with clothes and shoes and my drawers are so full that they just won't shut."

"If you think you're crowded you should look at us," cried the closets in unison. "We're so full of boxes and clothes that if the door is opened everything starts to fall out."

"Did you ever see so many finger-marks in your life?" asked the window. "I am so dirty I hate to have anyone look at me. I wish someone would wash me."

"Think of all I have to stand," said the rug. "Every week or so the furniture has to be moved across me and most of the time I am so dirty that it is a disgrace to be seen."

"All of you think you're having a hard time," cried the floor. "But think of me. I have to bear up all of you, besides a dozen girls, who are jumping and dancing until they shake the chandeliers in the dining room."

"Well, it's always the same every year and there's nothing we can do about it, so let's take a nap while it's quiet," said the sleepy clock. Everyone agreed with the clock.

Frances Adams '35

A DAY IN A LUMBERMAN'S LIFE

A lumberman's life isn't very full of recreational moments. He has to get up about three o'clock, eat his break-

fast, and start to work while it is still dark.

All day long he works—cutting, sawing and twitching logs to the landing: It is the hardest type of work, but it is an out-of-door life, and although full of hardships, toil, and privation, it is a work which builds manhood.

His noon lunch, which is carried to him by one of the cook's helpers, is usually served in the woods.

At night he eats very hearty and nourishing foods at a long table which seats about a hundred men. After supper he retires to his "bunk" in the "bunk-house" very early for a well-earned rest, and sleeps a sleep of exhaustion and dreams of his next day's work.

Jane Chapin '38

PRACTICE

Practice makes perfect, so they say.
Wonder if they did theirs day by day.
Guess they didn't; 'cause if they had—
That's one thing they wouldn't have said.

Imagine practicing an hour or two.
Fifteen minutes is bad enough
Doesn't seem possible to me, does it to you?
Most of us think that is pretty tough.

While we practice we get bluer than blue
By the time we're done, we're mad clear
through.
Practice is a word that never should have
been
To make us do it is a terrible sin.

Now all you who don't like to practice
Just hold your breath and listen to this
Let's go to Washington—put in an appeal
Then perhaps Roosevelt'll put a practice
code in the New Deal.

Barbara Moore '37

DOUGHNUTS

My great-great-great grandfather was a Colonial soldier in the Revolutionary War. He was captured by the British in Penobscot Bay and taken to Halifax on the prison ship. As the ship lay in harbor, he killed the guard and escaped overboard, finding refuge with friends overnight.

The next day he started for Maine. In three nights he traveled seventy miles. All day he would remain in hiding. He subsisted on raw shell-fish and stolen vegetables.

On the fourth day, as the starving man tramped through the woods, he noticed an odor that seemed to come from heaven. Unbelievably, he sniffed again. There was no mistaking that aroma. In a small clearing, stood a tiny cabin. In front of the cabin stood a woman, frying doughnuts. Hungry though he was, grandfather remembered his manners.

"Madam," he asked, "could you let me have a few doughnuts?"

The woman turned and shrewdly looked at him, "Oh, ho," she cried, "you're one of George's prisoners. I can get five pounds for you."

"Five pounds, be d—," shouted my grandfather, "give me them doughnuts or I'll stick your head under that forelog!" With a scream the woman fled. Seizing the doughnuts and thrusting them into his shirt, he turned and ran. That night he stayed with a friend and later escaped into Maine.

Margaret Tibbetts '37

ATHLETICS



TRACK and FIELD



leading men on the team.

The schedule of last spring is as follows:

May 10, Dual Meet at Norway
 May 19, Oxford County Interscholastics at Hebron
 May 26, Four Cornered Meet at Farmington Normal
 June 2, Maine Interscholastics at Portland

In a dual meet at Norway, Gould trimmed Norway 64-52.

In the Oxford County meet the Gould team placed as follows to give Gould second place.

100 yd. dash, Stanley Allen, 2d.
 220 yd. dash, Stanley Allen, winner
 440 yd. dash, Robert Browne, 2d; Trafton Bartlett, 3d.
 Half mile, Fredrick MacMillan, winner
 Mile, Fredrick MacMillan, 3d.
 Pole Vault, Robert Chapman, 4th.
 High Hurdles, Trafton Bartlett, winner.
 Low Hurdles, Trafton Bartlett, 2d.
 Javelin, Winfield Whitman, 4th.
 Shot Put, Trafton Bartlett 3d.
 Hammer Throw, Floyd Thurston, winner;
 High Jump, Howard Thurston, 4th.
 Walter Grover 2d.

Discus, Floyd Thurston, winner; Walter Grover 4th.

Relay Race, Trafton Bartlett, Robert Browne, Dwight Stiles, Stanley Allen, 2d.

Final score of Meet: Rumford 75, Gould 50, Norway 33, Mechanic Falls 7.

In the open meet at Farmington, Gould trackmen placed as follows:

Mile, Fredrick MacMillan, 2d.
 100 yd. dash, Stanley Allen, winner
 440 yd. dash, Trafton Bartlett, 3d.
 220 yd. dash, Stanley Allen, winner
 Discus, Floyd Thurston, winner; Walter Grover, 3d.

Pole Vault, Robert Browne tied for 3d.
 Javelin, Robert Browne, 2d; Floyd Thurston, 3d.

High Jump, Howard Thurston tied for 1st.
 Shot put, Trafton Bartlett, 2d.

Final score of Meet: Rumford, 40¼; Gould, 31½; Farmington Normal 20¼; Phillips, 14.

The Gould trackmen placed as follows in the State Meet at Portland:

	Total Pts.
Captain Bartlett: 2nd. in Shot put; 2nd. in high hurdles; 3d. in quarter mile dash; 4th. in low hurdles.	9
Stanley Allen: winner of 100 yd. dash; 2nd. in 220 yd. dash.	8
R. Browne: 2nd. in quarter mile dash	3
J. Losier: 2nd. in Javelin Throw	3
F. Thurston: 2nd. in discus throw; 3d. in hammer throw	5
W. Whitman: 3d. in Javelin throw	2
Total score	30

Final score of State Meet: Winslow, first; Gould, second; Lincoln Academy, third; Skowhegan High School, fourth; Washington Academy, fifth; Camden, sixth; Wilton Academy, seventh.

The following men won letters in track:

1. Captain Trafton Bartlett
2. Floyd Thurston
3. Stanley Allen
4. Winfield Whitman
5. Manager Eldredge Berry
6. Walter Grover
7. Paul Browne
8. Frank Parsons
9. Howard Thurston
10. Fredrick MacMillan
11. Robert Browne
12. John Losler
13. Dwight Stiles
14. Robert Chapman

BASEBALL



C o a c h Anderson turned out a very good baseball nine last spring considering the loss of several good men. The high lights of a rather hectic baseball season were Gould's one sided victory over the Alumni on Graduation Day and a fine victory over Berlin High School which was the only defeat suffered by the New Hampshire team. The Gould nine started the season well by winning over Mexico, six to one, South Paris, seven to three, and then Mexico again, six to four. Aside from the two one sided games lost to Norway and Gorham the team played well. They tied for second place in the Oxford County League with South Paris. Bob Browne with a batting average of .410, Stanley, with an average of .387, and Trafton Bartlett with an average of .357 were the chief offensive powers. The team was well supplied with good pitchers in Bud Browne, "Wally" Morgan, and "Winnie" Whitman; but the team batting average was low and the defense weak. Bud Browne with three victories against one defeat led the pitchers. The

pitching of Morgan against the undefeated Berlin team was an outstanding feature of the season. He sat the visitors down with four hits. Gould winning 10-5.

The following players won letters:

- Robert Chapman—Catcher
- Paul Browne—Pitcher and outfielder
- "Wally" Morgan—Pitcher
- Winfield Whitman—Pitcher and outfielder
- Trafton Bartlett—First base
- Donald Stanley—Second base
- Robert Browne—Third base
- Stanley Allen—Outfielder
- Paul Daniels—Outfielder
- Norwood Waterhouse—Manager

FOOTBALL



The 1934 football season is just getting under way. At the time of writing only one game has been played, and that against the strong Edward Little team of Auburn. Although beaten 22-0 the Gould team made an excellent showing against the heavier, more experienced Auburn players. The team has been greatly handicapped by injuries this season. Walter Grover, veteran line-man has not yet seen action due to a knee injury. Howard Thurston and "Al" Chapman have been crippled by knee and wrist injuries; while a number of others have missed a great deal of practice due to illness. These set-backs along with a small squad and only five experienced men, have made it a difficult task to build up a capable team. However, the boys are beginning to show improvement and it is hoped that they will make a creditable showing. The team which started the game at Auburn is as follows:

- R. E.—Robert Chapman
- R. T.—Willard Wight
- R. G.—Dale Thurston
- C.—Wally Morgan

L. G.—John Losier
 L. T.—Edgar Coolidge
 L. E.—Malcolm Mundt
 Q. B.—Martinson (Captain)
 R. H.—Robert Browne
 L. H.—Christino Onofrio
 F. B.—Paul Daniels

The football schedule for this year is as follows:

Sept. 29, Edward Little at Auburn
 Oct. 13, Alumni at Bethel
 20 Norway at Bethel
 24 At South Paris
 Nov. 3 Bridgton at Bethel.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

On May 19, last spring, the annual Oxford County Play Day was held at Norway. Nine Gould girls attended, M. Hall, R. Hodsdon, B. Soule, M. Hamlin, E. Beane, R. Rowe, P. Davis, C. Philbrook, and R. Hutchins. After registering, the girls were placed on different teams that participated in various contests. After dinner the finals were held and prizes awarded. Betty Soule was on the prize winning team.

The spring sports were baseball and tennis. Enough girls reported for baseball so that four class teams could be formed, but as all of the games were not played, no team had the honor of being the championship team. Those out for tennis received instructions and played a required number of games each week in order to earn their points.

At the end of last year twenty-three girls had earned enough points to be awarded their "G's" and fifteen girls earned their numerals. The class of '36 won the Interclass Championship Cup by getting the most points for athletics.

The Athletic Council this year with Margaret Hamlin as President has the following officers: P. Davis, Vice-President; R. Hutchins, Secretary; H. Philbrook, M. Berry, B. Moore, and N. Philbrook, Class Representatives; B. Moore, Mgr. of Horseshoes; C. Philbrook, Mgr. of Hiking; B. Soule, Mgr. of Basketball; J. Linston, Mgr. of Volleyball; and E. Hunt, Mgr. of Winter Sports.

Both hiking and horseshoes have started and are well under way. Forty-four girls reported for hiking and are taking one forty-five minute hike and one supervised hike a week. An additional five and eight mile hike is required during the hiking season. Thirty-four girls are out for horse-shoes. An "A" and "B" team for each class has been chosen. Those on the teams are: Seniors: Capt. M. Hamlin, Betty Soule, H. Philbrook and B. Merrill; Juniors, M. Berry, B. Raynes, Capt. D. Irish, and L. Judkins; Sophomores, B. Moore, M. Tibbetts, Capt. C. Philbrook and Yvonne Kimball; and Freshmen, V. Berry, A. Cotton, H. Gillis, and I. Blake, Capt.

J. Linston, S. Merrill, M. Berry, E. Wheeler, and B. Moore were the Gould representatives to the annual Bates High School Play Day on October 13. The morning was spent in various sports in the gymnasium and inclosed athletic field. After lunch demonstrations of stunts and tumbling took place, and then skill tests were held. At three o'clock there was a farewell party. Barbara Moore was on the winning team which was announced at this time.

The Athletic Association is now making plans for a sport dance to be held in a few weeks. Helen Philbrook is in charge of this with R. Hutchins, P. Davis, E. Hunt, and J. Linston as her assistants.



"Hoody": "Great Scott, I've forgotten who wrote 'Ivanhoe'."

Gig: "I'll tell you, if you tell me who the Dickens wrote 'The Tale of Two Cities'."

Josie T. As cooks go
She was a good cook
And as cooks go,
She went!

Mr. Hanseom: "What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?"

O'Neil: "Speaking Latin."

Johnnie L. took his aunt out riding,
Though wintry was the breeze.
He put her in the rumble seat
To watch his anti-freeze.

Clem: "Has anyone lost a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?"

Chorus: "Yes, yes, I have!"

Clem: "Well, I've found the rubber band."

Donald B.: "There's a salesman outside with a mustache."

Coach: "Tell him I have a mustache."

Arthur B. was sent to a clinic doctor with this message from his mother. "Please will you do something about Arthur's face, he's had it a long time and it's spreading."

Kirk: "Please sir, (to doorman) I would like to see a boy inside."

Doorman: "Who is it?"

Kirk: "Me!"

Take this to Heart.
A gum chewing girl
A cud chewing cow,
Seem to me,
Alike somehow,
A difference there is,
Oh, I see it now!
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow!

THAT'S RIGHT

Roma: "I've got to design a hot dog stand. What would you suggest?"

Syb: "Oh, a rustic affair of dogwood covered with bark."

Eddie R.: "It says here that a butcher found a collar button in the stomach of a cow."

King: "Bosh! How could a cow get under a dresser?"

This post card was received by one of the dorm boys, whose father was traveling. "Dear Son: On the other side you will see a picture of the rock where the Spartans used to throw their defective children from. Wish you were here. Dad."

Barb. M.: "You woke me out of a sound sleep."

Connie: "I had to, the sound was unpleasant."

"Dick" Y.: "Three frogs wuz sittin' on a lily pad. Two of them took a noshun to jump off. How many were left?"

Bob Brine: "Three, cos' they only took a noshun."

Mother Philbrook: "Helen's young man seems to have taken offense or something. Have you said anything to him?"

Father Philbrook: "Not a word. I haven't even seen him since I sent last month's light bill to him."

Mike B.: "You seem to have to tinker a great deal with your motor boat."

Prof. H.: "Yes, I do."

Mike B.: "Anything special the matter with it?"

Prof. H.: "It never has tire trouble, that's about all I can say."

"Say, young man, how long does this train stop at this station?" inquired an old lady of Franklin Littlehale.

"Two to two to Too Two," replied Rastus.

"Well, I declare! Be you the Whistle?" exclaimed the old lady.

A PERFECT EXAMPLE

Mother: "Son, why did you have to stay after school?"

Dale T.: "Well, the teacher told us to write an essay on 'The Result of Laziness,' and I turned in a sheet of blank paper."

Dick Williams: "You know I speak as I think."

Stiles: "Yes, Dick, only more often."

WHY OF COURSE

Wally: "What is it you part your hair with, ride all over town in, and feed the baby with?"

Betty S.: "I can't imagine!"

Wally: "A comb, an auto, and a bottle!"

Officer: "Here, man, I caught you stealing this auto."

Howie: "It was standing in front of this cemetery, and I thought the owner was dead."

Beneath the spreading Chestnut tree,
The village smithy snoozes.

No nag since 1923

Has come to him for shoeses.

Betty E.: "Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Jane L.: "No, but in Washington it was the White House."

Mr. Crane: "What is the interest on a thousand dollars for one year at 2%? All pay attention."

Al: "At 2% I'm not interested."

HE SHOULD WORRY!

Bill W.: "Say, Al, I just ate that apple and it had a worm in it and I ate that too."

Al.: "What? Here, drink this water and wash it down."

Bill W.: "Aw, let him walk down."

Teacher: "Robert, what is a cannibal?"

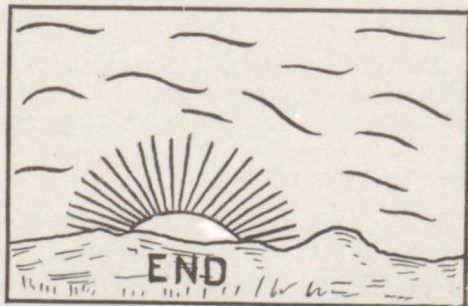
Bob B.: "I don't know."

Teacher: "If you ate your mother and your father what would you be?"

Bob B.: "An orphan."

THREE CHEERS

A father had taken his son to one of our football games, and that night his mother was surprised to hear the following prayer, "God bless Ma, God bless Pa, God bless me, Rah! Rah! Rah!"



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